Upshot
GRAPHICS

PART 1 OF A 4-PART SERIES

$2.00
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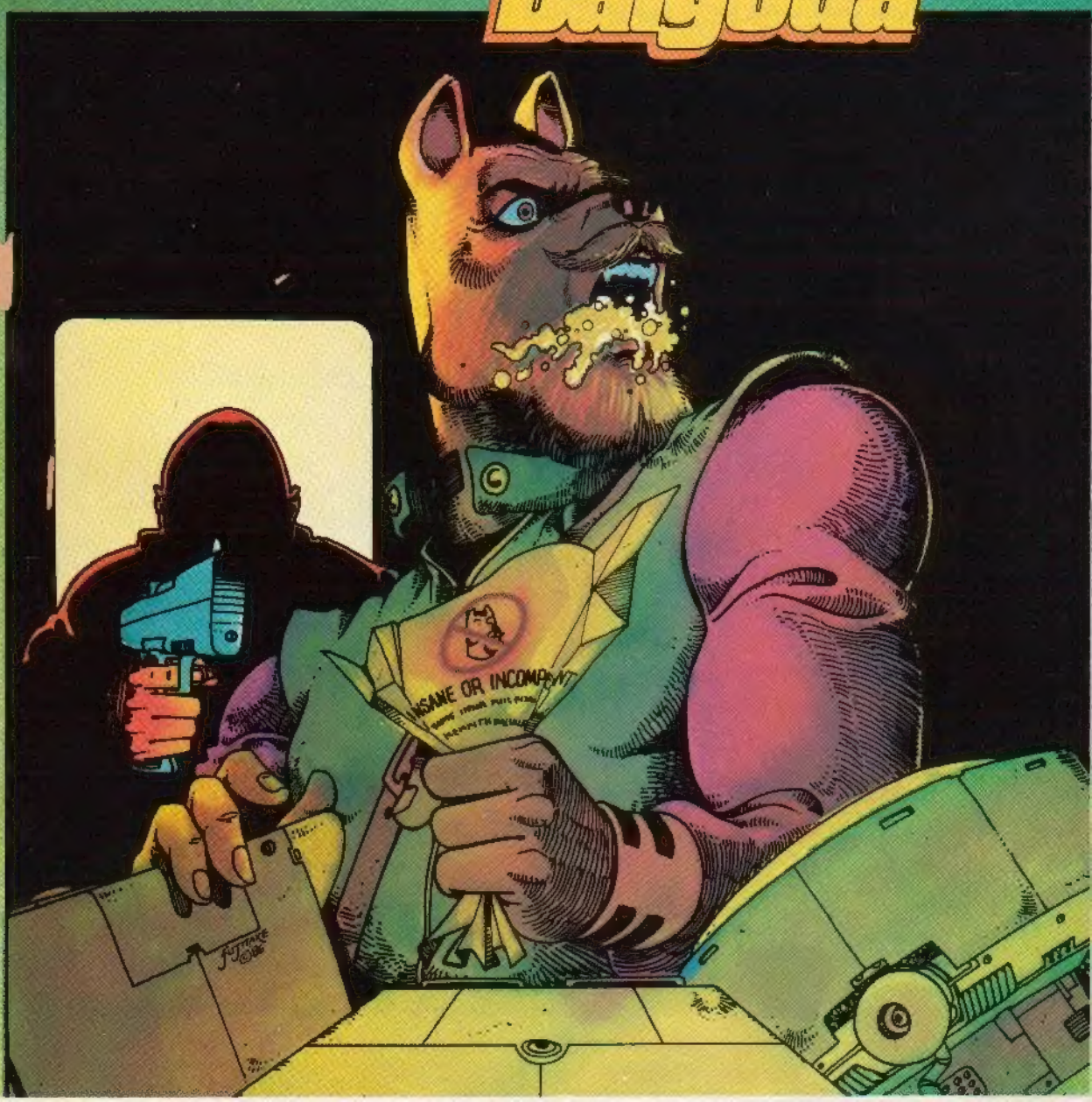
JAN STRNAD & DENNIS FUJITAKE

FLESH & BONES

FEATURING

Dalgoda



FLESH & BONES

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THE BOJEFFRIES SAGA

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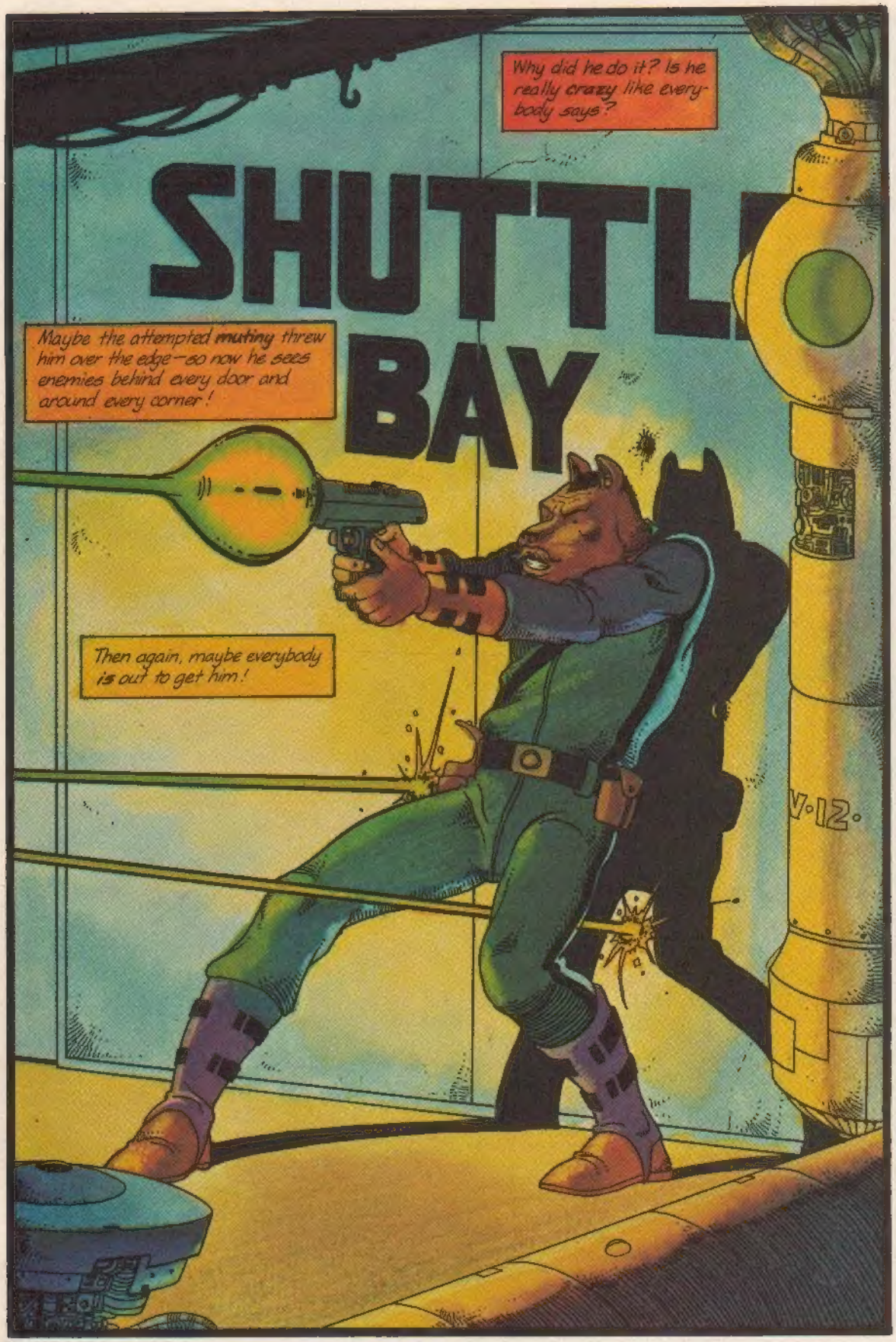
Flesh and Bones #1 is published by the Upshot Graphics division of Fantagraphics Books Inc., 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura, CA 91301, Gary Groth and Kim Thompson, publishers. Published bi-monthly. *Flesh and Bones* is copyright © 1986 Jan Strnad and Dennis Fujitake. "The BoJeffries Saga" is copyright © 1986 Alan Moore and Steve Parkhouse. Any similarity between names, characters, persons, and institutions in *Flesh & Bones* and "The BoJeffries Saga," and those of any real persons or institutions is purely coincidental. *Flesh & Bones* is sold through bookstores specializing in comic books (see Bookstores in the Yellow Pages).

Upshot GRAPHICS


Why did he do it? Is he really crazy like everybody says?
SHUTTL
BAY
Maybe the attempted mutiny threw him over the edge—so now he sees enemies behind every door and around every corner!
Then again, maybe everybody is out to get him!
V·12·

It's deathly quiet in these cells. All the prisoners are on edge, too wrapped up in their own bewildered thoughts to talk.
STARK
P.O.W
The last few days keep playing in my mind, overlayed with a faraway, nightmarish quality—over and over.
I keep hearing Dal's voice...the way it used to be...
...so deep and soft—it excited me just to hear him issue the most ordinary commands! "Navigator Stark," (he said), "plot a course for Demmeon."
Just once, Posey...
STARK
Has anyone ever made a sub-space jump this long before, Dal? A hundred light years...!
...an experimental flight. The ship came back on "automatic"—without the pilot.
Then, halfway to Demmeon, Dal seemed to go completely crazy!
What's the matter with you all? Can't you see I'm melting?!
Dal! Take it easy! Everything's okay!
2

Dal was only the first. Soon half the crew was hallucinating! My brain was buzzing! My own grip on reality was sliding away...
Just one thought out of the hundreds spinning inside my head made any sense – "Get out! Get out! GET OUT!"
I deactivated the sub-space drive, not knowing where we'd emerge.
We de-warped, Canida to the rear, Demmeon somewhere ahead...and us – the remnants of humanity – adrift in the vast plethora of worlds and stars between.
Dalgoda was "hospitalized." With the Captain in a straightjacket, talk of mutiny bubbled to the surface.
3

Certain crew and passengers on the Biosphere began pressing for Dal's removal as Captain.
"CLUTTER'S" LAST STAND
Big meeting tonight in the hall. We want everybody to come.
Decide who should be running this mission—people or dogs!
Let me see that!
Hey! You got no right....!
INSANE OR INCOMPETENT?
COME HEAR AIR FORCE COLONEL KENNETH MOXLEY (RET.) SPEAK IN THE COMMUNITY HALL TONIGHT AT 20:00 HOURS 8:00 PM.
Topic:
The Leadership Crisis:
WHY A DOG?
The Captain had his supporters, of course, like Gunner Hathaway...
This meeting's a bunch of horse manure. You have two seconds before I lose my temper.
One two.
You can't stop us! This is a lawful assembly! OW!
You'll need some "assembly" if you don't get your butt out of my workroom!
4

As for you, thatch-head, you've got...
I'm goin'! I'm goin'!
That night, Colonel Kenneth Moxley crawled out of the woodwork. A visiting dignitary, he wasn't even supposed to be on board when the Biosphere took off from Earth...
...and that's why Dalgoda should be removed from command immediately! Not that I have anything against the foreign Canidan race of our Captain....!
...even though they have proven themselves to be a craven and cowardly lot!
What did they do when they learned of the Nimp armada approaching their planet? They sent Dalgoda to Earth to beg us to save them!
And when we couldn't help, they ran! RAN to some unnamed planet with their tails between their legs....!
They ran like curs!
I say, Who needs 'em? If Dalgoda's lost his people—so what? That's his problem...not ours!
Damn straight.
GRRRR!
Yeah! We got our own troubles!
STARK
5

You decide. Do we follow an alien mongrel all over the cosmos on some wild goose chase?
Or do we pursue our own destiny?
Dozens of you have already signed the petition to depose Dalgoda! Those who haven't signed...
What in the hell are you waiting for?
PETITION TO DEPOSE
I say throw the dog out! Throw him out and elect a true leader to command us!
Yeah!
CLAPCLAPCLAPCLAP
CLAPCLAP
Stark! What's the matter?
Moxley for Captain!
Stark—come back! We have to shout this bastard down!
I'm sorry, Gunner! I just couldn't take it anymore!
I couldn't stand hearing that man talk about Dal that way...and all those people cheering him!
I know. It's rough.
6

But crying about the unfairness of it all isn't going to help. We have to take action.
I'm going to bust Dal out of confinement. He can't defend himself locked up in a float room.
STARK
But before Gunner could act...
Red alert! Either we're under attack by the Nimp, or...!
Mutiny!
WAH-
WAH-
AH-
WA
Posey Ravencraft broke the news - maintenance techs had broken into a weapons locker. It was mutiny, all right.
That was the last time I saw Posey alive.
He died less than an hour later sacrificing himself to save the ships from a saboteur armed with a frisson bomb.
It was another hard blow to Dal. Posey had been Dal's best friend among us Earthlings.
7

SO WHO WANTS TO READ ONLY COMIC BOOKS ABOUT PEOPLE?

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Sure, comic books about humans can be fun...for a while. But eventually, people start to look pretty much the same. You know? They've all got two arms and two legs, and big muscles. Very few of them have big, floppy ears, and only a couple of them are furry.

Well, if you're as tired as we are of all those hairless, pink mercenaries/superheroes/crimefighters/barbarians... we think we might have something for you.

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Dal went to his cabin and closed the door. It stayed closed for three days.
But I have to talk to him! He has to know that some of us are still behind him!
He knows. We're here, aren't we?
When Dal did emerge, it was plain that he'd undergone some kind of transformation.
Dal?! Are...are you all right?
He'd never worn a sidearm on board the ship before - or a Carridon battle uniform.
I'm fine. I'm ready to take command of the ships, now...
...real command, as I should have done from the start!
Dal took as his ass. stunt a former space pilot named "Victor Kneedam." Victor embodied the word "toady."
These corridors stink! I want them wiped down with disinfectant - by hand!
Yes, Captain, sir!
8

No one was safe
Hathaway! Your work station is a mess!
huh?
The area is cluttered and perilous! I'm ordering it cleaned out immediately!
But Dal! I've always worked this way!
And what, may I ask, is this device?
A sub-space torpedo! If Stark's new equation is right, we can fire torpedos from sub-space and...
Dismantle it!
You have no business experimenting with explosive devices on a colony ship! People live here, Hathaway!
But Dal—it's perfectly safe until it's charged! There's no...
Dismantle it or I'll do it FOR you!
Furthermore, you will hereafter refer to me by my rank—as Captain! Is that understood?
Yes...Captain Dalgoda sir.
9

Mister Kneedam, have all this... this stuff hauled out of here! Hathaway can conduct her researches elsewhere...
...preferably off the Biosphere!
Yes, Captain, sir!
Up yours, Captain, sir
The incident with Gunner was only the beginning. Zal's next order stirred up everybody.
Attention, all passengers and crew. New room assignments have been made. Relocation commences immediately.
I don't believe it! He's transferred us to the Lady!
DR. FIND DR. LEONARD McCOY ASSIGNED
L-253
Move to a warship? But we're doctors, not soldiers!
This is insane! He's shuffling me three rooms down the hall!
Lucky you! I'm moving to the Terhune!
10

Dal...Captain...this is senseless! I won't have half the room to work on the Lady as I have here!
You'll have none at all if you don't stop challenging my orders, Hathaway
By rights, I should be locking you up for insubordination!
SHUTTLE-2
I sure can't figure it. Dal seems driven to throw his weight around!
Heli, maybe Moxley's right about him. Maybe he has gone off the deep end!
Oh, Dal—this is wrong! We shouldn't be doing this!
Nonsense! Love between two consenting adults can't be wrong!
When are you going to shed these ridiculous inhibitions of yours?
I wish I could get rid of them so easily!
But I was raised to be a good girl and the Bible says...
You shall not lie with any beast and defile yourself with it! It is perversion!
I see. But then, I'm not quite a "beast", am I?
And your Bible could hardly be expected to anticipate the discovery of intelligent life on other planets!

Besides – you can't say "no" to your Captain!
Oh!
Oh my god!
What .what am I . where... Dal?
Uun – that obscene dream again!
Why am I letting him get to me this way? What's wrong with me?
NAVIGATOR STARK!
SHOCK
(gasp!)
Get up! You're under arrest for mutiny!
Mutiny!? But, Captain... I never...!
12

You took it upon yourself to initiate de-warp before we reached our destination...Demmean!
Only I could make that decision! You were trying to subvert my command of these ships!
You've got it all wrong! I was only....!
SP
Quiet! Guards—put her in maximum security aboard the Lady!
Yes, Captain.
SP
SP
Mister Trione! You too?
SHUTTLE ACCESS
Yes, damn him! Straight to my face, he called me a traitor!
I've been trying to keep Moxley in check, stalling him with legal rigamarole to give Dal time to respond....!
...and what happens? The hound arrests me for collusion with the enemy!
Is it true what Moxley says, then? Has Dal...gone crazy?
I could make a good case for it.

Headache, Captain?
Yes. Splitting.
Summarize for me, please.
Gunner, Trione, and Stark have been transferred to the Lady, as has Gunner's weaponry lab.
All the food supplies we could smuggle out have also been transferred...
...along with spare power cells, maintenance equipment, parts, etc.
I've double-screened the other transferees. We've been able to assemble a fairly impressive crew from your remaining supporters.
Do they suspect why they've been placed aboard the Lady?
Some of them may. Most are just baffled.
Yes—poor Stark! I'll have to make it up to her somehow, when it's all over.
Well... final phase. Take care of things in the Shuttle Bay and wait for me there.
I have one more show to give, then I'll join you
Right
14

And to think I once wanted to be an actor! Never again!
All right – everybody out! Right now!
Huh?
What's wrong, Captain?
I know what you're doing! You're trying to take over this ship!
No, I wasn't! I was just monitoring channels for...!
Don't lie to me!
You're traitors, all of you! Get out! Get out before I have you shot for mutiny!
Yes, Captain! Right away, sir!
This ought to inhibit ship-to-ship communication for awhile....!
Computer – record this message to broadcast over the inter-ship channel in one hour.
Recording.
BRID
CLEA

This is Dalgoda, your former Captain. By now you know that I have relinquished command of the Blosphere. My "reign of terror" is ended
I have transferred selected materials to the warship Lady, which I now claim in lieu of the armada originally promised to me.
I was also promised a legion of soldiers. I'll make do with a few close friends and a small but loyal crew.
I never deluded myself into believing that humans would accept a Canidan as their commander...
...and I'm sorry that we part on less-than-cordial terms. You are a clever and energetic species...
...whom I hope Canida may, in the future, count as an ally against the Nimp aggressors.
I apologize for the inconveniences I've caused you and bid you farewell. May we meet again as friends.
Commendable sentiments, Dalgoda But you know...
I can't possibly let you steal the Lady.
Wrong, Moxley. ..!
16

You can't possibly stop me!
Ouuuw!
Ooooof!
Damn you, Dalgoda!
ZOW
The Lady is Earth property! You're nothing but a thief!
You'll never get off this ship alive! You've failed again!
ZOW
SHUT
I'd hoped to avoid this...!
17

...but Moxley's left me no choice!
ZOW
ZOW
YOWW!
DEPRESSURIZING
NO
ADMITTANCE
DAMN YOU, DALGODA! DAMN YOUR LOUSY ALIEN HIDE!
Soon...
I was beginning to worry about you! Moxley?
Yes, but I jammed the door to the Shuttle Bay. Did you disable the other shuttle?
No prob.
By the time they get it fixed, we'll be long gone.
48

So...we're off! To Demmeon?
Demmeon—yes. I'm worried about the sub-space jump, but we'll just have to risk it.
We can divide it into two or three little hops. Gods! You can't imagine what I'd give for a good, long nap right now!
I definitely need to recharge my batteries before we engage the Nimp. There's sure to be a squadron or two hanging around Demmeon.
Huh! You'll be lucky to reach Demmeon alive...or did you forget?
Forget what?
You shanghaied Gunner, threw Trione and Stark in jail....!
SHUTTLE-7
Never mind the Nimp...you'll be lucky to survive your friends!
End. Part one

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The King of Power

By Heidi MacDonald

Jack Kirby, Hergé, Osamu Tezuka: they are the gods of comics. In their respective cultures, their influence on comics has been all-pervasive, and all powerful.

And each has pioneered a unique aspect of sequential art, confirming and reveling in the wonders of this too-often misunderstood artform. "King" Kirby has been a trailblazer in every genre of comics from World War II on up with the sheer force of his artwork and the clear-cut American archetypes of his characters. Georges Remi, better known as Hergé, with his world famous character Tintin, created a style of narrative richness and clean, bold art that founded the so-called "Brussels school" of art and made him perhaps Europe's most beloved storyteller until his death in 1983. And "Doc" Tezuka, the Walt Disney of Japan, single-handedly created the look of 'manga' after World War II, combining cartoony splendor with pure graphic dynamism to tell stories as only comics can.

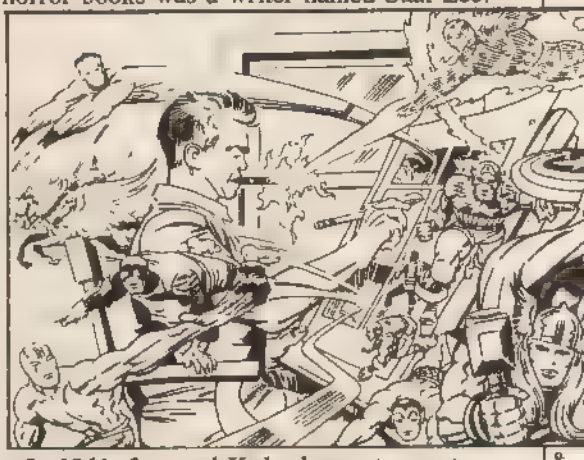
I call them gods not because of the immense artistry of their work—there are after all, other geniuses of comics: Eisner, Barks, Toth, Moebius, Crumb—but because their work has had a fundamental influence on everything that has followed them. Without Kirby, Hergé, and Tezuka, comics the world over would look far different than they do now.

Jack Kirby was born in New York in 1917. While still a teenager he started to work for an animation studio, but he soon turned to comics, beginning with Fox. But it was at Timely Comics that he had his first success, working in a unique collaboration with writer-artist Joe Simon in a partnership that was to last until 1956. In 1941, the two created the first in a long line of comics icons to appear from Kirby's pen—Captain America, whose gloriously gaudy red, white and blue costume struck terror into the hearts of America's enemies (in the pages of the comics, at least) through the Second World War and beyond.

But *Captain America* was only the beginning for these two innovators. As has been pointed out many times, Kirby has had a hand in the introduction of an astonishing variety of comics genres. Soon after Captain America, Kirby and Simon created *The Young Commandos*, a series about a kid gang who banded together to fight crime. It was followed by a legion of imitators. Soon after, in *Boy's Ranch*, they pioneered the Western genre, and they did it again in 1947 with *Young Romance* for Prize comics, the first real romance comic book (a genre which, in its heydey, was as popular as superheroes or crime comics have ever been.) Through all this, Simon and Kirby's work was not just the first—it was usually the best, too.

But as important as all Kirby's previous efforts had been towards shaping the face of comics publishing in America, his greatest achievements were still to come.

In the mid-50s, superhero comics had all but died out. Kirby went back to Timely, which was now publishing horror comics, although after the installation of the Comics Code even these were having a hard time of it. It was probably the lowest ebb since the comic book industry began. Kirby's collaborator on these horror books was a writer named Stan Lee.



In 1961, Lee and Kirby began to create what is now known as the Marvel Universe—Thor, the X-Men, the Hulk, Iron Man, Dardevil, Dr. Strange, the Avengers, and, of course, the Fantastic Four—characters whose popularity hasn't waned in over 20 years (though the quality, alas, has had many ups and downs.)

The Fantastic Four was Kirby's greatest achievement of this period, a strip full of mind-boggling science-fiction machinery, vicious alien races, and truly larger-than-life villains. Lee and Kirby stayed together on the series for 102 issues, a record of consistency and longevity which has never been surpassed in Marvel's history. The list of characters in those 102 issues is formidale: Dr. Doom, the

© 1986 Marvel Comics Group

Silver Surfer, Galactus, the Black Panther, the Kree, the Skrull, The Watcher, the Inhumans and other mainstays of the Marvel line.

The exact nature of the Lee-Kirby collaboration is in dispute to this day, with both claiming to have done the bulk of the plotting. Whatever its exact nature, Lee may have supplied the snappy, pseudo-epic dialogue, but it was Kirby who supplied the power. No other word is necesary to describe Kirby's work throughout his career. Power, sheer, unmitigated power. His characters have marble spars for jaws, lasers for eyes, granite for muscles—under Kirby's pen, speed lines have never been so fast, force lines have never been so shattering. The panel borders are barely strong enough to contain the hurricane force of his art.

Kirby left Marvel for DC in 1970—a move which for Marvel fans was as shocking as the Dodgers leaving Brooklyn. But it was at DC that Kirby created his most incredibly imaginative work ever, this time as the sole creative force, writing, drawing, and editing his own work. His immense New Gods Saga filled four series—*The New Gods, Jimmy Olsen, Mr. Miracle* and *The Forever People*, which all told the story of the struggle between the forces of good—New Genesis—and Darkseid of Apokolips, the most cosmically dark villain of all. (Commentators often remark on the resemblance between the later *Star Wars* and Kirby's "The Source," and Darkseid is a direct forebear of Darth Vader.) Kirby's work is tumultuous in its massiveness, overwhelming in its pounding action.

After a rather unsuccessful return to Marvel in the Seventies, as well as a return to animation, Kirby pioneered yet another revolution in the world of comics—his *Captain Victory* for Pacific was one of the very first independent comics series, and he was at the forefront in the fight for creators' rights with his collaboration with Steve Gerber on *Destroyer Duck*.

Today, the matter of Jack Kirby's original art and his treatment by Marvel has become one of the most shameful pages in comics history. The story need not be repeated here (for the sordid details see *Comics Journal* #105). [Editor's note: *Journal* #105 is available from Fantagraphics Books, 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura CA 91301, postage-paid for $4.00.]

With well over forty years of laurels to rest on, and with his place in comics history secured many times over, "The King" hasn't chosen to retire. Nearing 70, Kirby is still working on new projects, creating new universes.

To catalogue the comics artists who have been influenced by Kirby would be a list of virtually every person who has drawn comics in the past 40 years. His was *the* house look at Marvel during the company's most formative decade: the story goes that Marvel artists of the '60s and '70s where simply handed pages of Kirby art and told to "draw like this." Artists have made entire careers out of being able to imitate Kirby.

Even among styles very different from arch-Kirbyism, you'll find his influence at the base. Jim Steranko, who contributed numerous innovations of his own to comics storytelling, is a true Kirby disciple. Barry Smith is now known as the leader of the delicate "Pre-Raphaelite" school, but his early work was little more than crude Kirby imitations. In recent years, John Byrne and Walt Simonson have won widespread fan adulation simply for returning to the Kirby basics on *Fantastic Four* and *Thor*.

The fact is that Jack Kirby *created* the stylistic conventions which we associate with superhero comics. Others may have used speed lines and drawn explosions before Kirby, but it was he who gave them force. It was Kirby who truly showed comics how to be faster than a speeding bullet, stronger than a locomotive, and able to leap tall buildings in a single bound.

I've stated numerous times my personal distaste for the tyranny of the superhero genre in today's comics. Am I in fact, being hypocritical in heaping all this praise on Kirby?

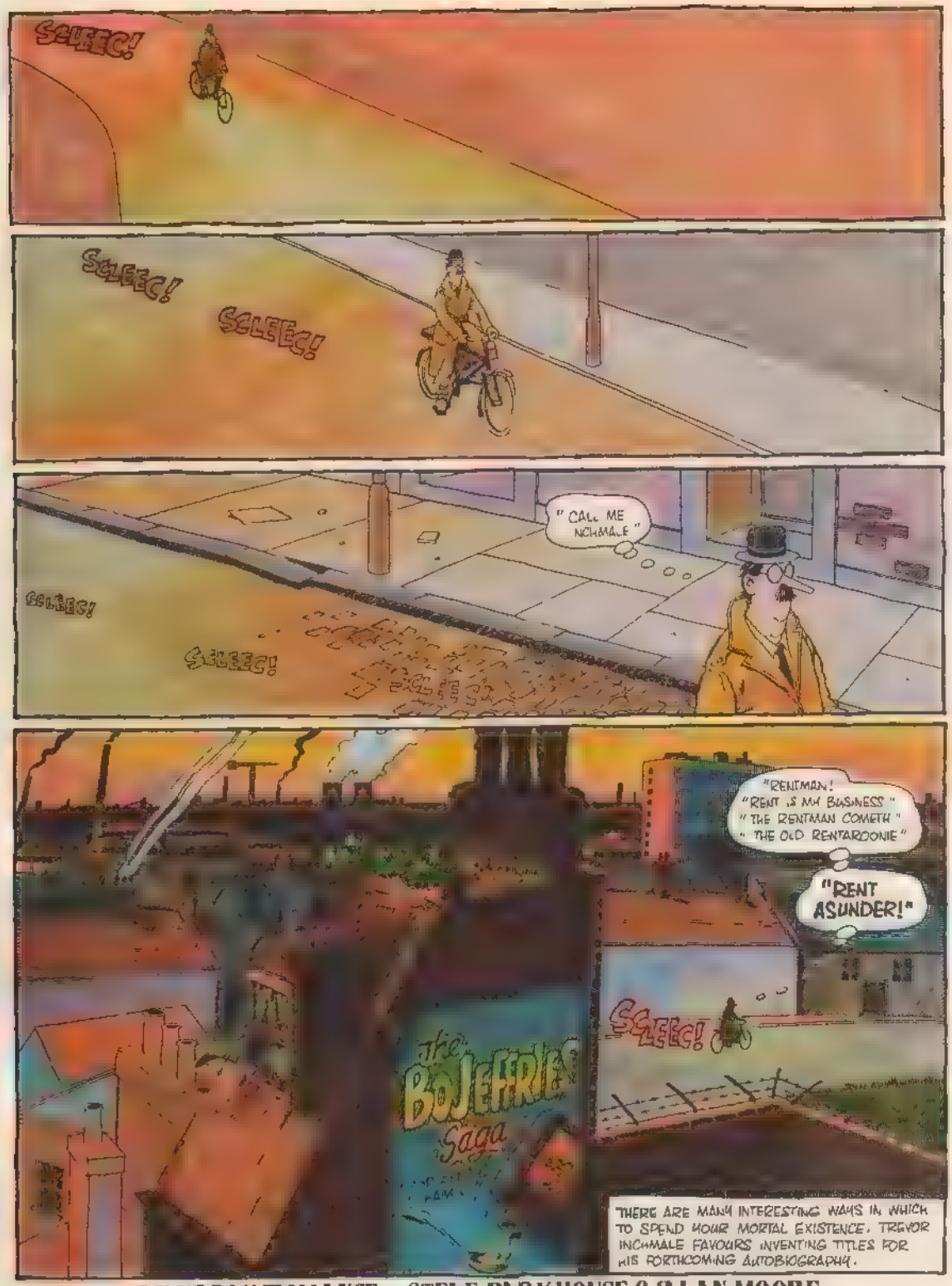
No. My objection is to the incestuous pervasiveness of the superheroes and the absurd limitations which are constantly placed on them, not with the genre itself. The truth is, Jack Kirby was *too* successful. The power (I know I'm overusing the word, but it's the only one that comes close) of his art was completely overwhelming. Barks may have made you laugh, Eisner may have made you cry, but Kirby hit you right between the eyes. Smash. Pow. Bam. It is both his triumph and his curse that the spectacle of his work has locked comics into a kind of perpetual adolescence.

There were romance comics in America. There were kid comics. There were horror comics. There were funny animals.

But Jack Kirby just plain *overpowered* them.

And that is why Jack "King" Kirby is the American God of Comics.

Next: Hergé.



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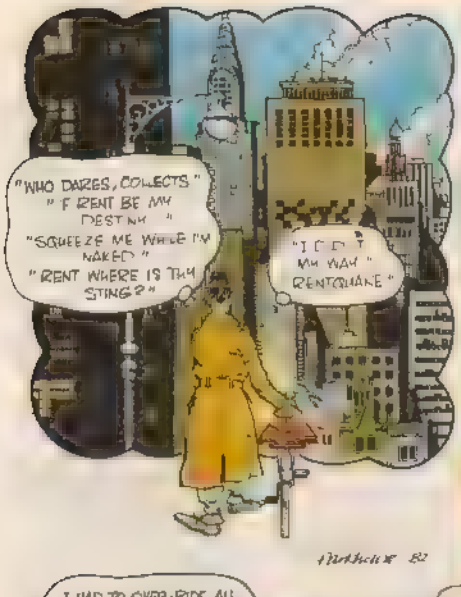
"LOVE AND RENT"
"THE COLLECTOR"
"TERROR IS MY TRADE"
"RENT AND PUNISHMENT"
SLEEC!
HE ALSO COLLECTS RENT
HE LIKES TO CORRECT PEOPLE WHO BELIEVE RENT COLLECTING TO BE A DULL TASK "THIS CRAZY RENT BUSINESS" HE SAYS "THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING I COULD WRITE A BOOK ABOUT IT"
"TELL THEM INCHMALE IS COMING"
"MEIN RENT"
"THE RENTMAN ALWAYS KNOCKS TWICE"
"JUST A GUY NAMED TREVOR"
TODAY IS THE APEX OF HIS CAREER HE HAS DISCOVERED A TENANT NAMED BOJEFFRIES WHO OWES THE COUNCIL £32,000 IN RENT ARREARS
BOK BOK
5
"THE DOGS OF RENT"
YISS?
GOOD DAY I'M INCHMALE. INCHMALE OF THE COUNCIL.
I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT YOUR RENT ARREARS.
RENT?
SORRY WE MOVED OUT A LONG TIME AGO THERE'S DIFFERENT PEOPLE LIVING HERE NOW
OH WELL IN THAT CASE I'M SORRY TO HAVE TROUBLED YOU
NO TROUBLE
SLADD!
5
5

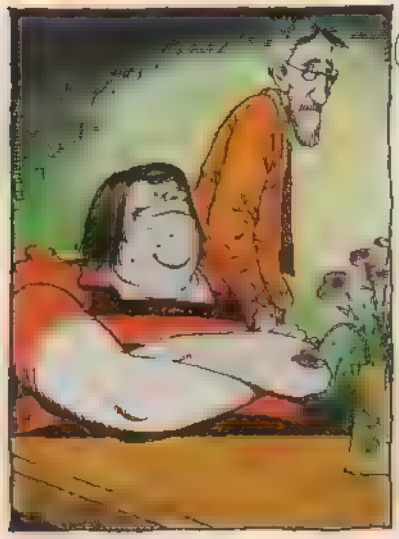

"WHO DARES, COLLECTS"
"I RENT BE MY DESTINY"
"SQUEEZE ME WHILE I'M NAKED"
"I CAN'T MY WAY RENTQUAKE"
"RENT WHERE IS THY STING?"

MEANWHILE
THERE'S SOMETHING UP WITH THAT CURIOUSITY DAMPER WE HAVEN'T SEEN A RENTMAN IN 30 YEARS AND LAST WEEK THERE WAS THAT JEHOVAH'S WITNESS
IT'S MORE THAN COINCIDENCE, THAT'S

I HAD TO OVER-RIDE ALL THE LOGIC CIRCUITS IN HIS PORE BRAIN TO GET RID OF HIM. STARTED MY FILLINGS OFF SOMETHING ROTTEN IT HAS...
FATHER DO YOU THINK MEN ARE ATTRACTED BY ME BECAUSE I AM POWERFUL?

WHY SHOULD THEY FEEL THAT WAY?
HAH! WHY? BECAUSE THEIR FRAGILE MALE EGOS DON'T LIKE THE THOUGHT OF ME BEING INFINITELY SUPERIOR TO THEM IN EVERY DETAIL!
ISN'T IT OBVIOUS?

WELL, DEAR... IS IT FAIR TO SAY THAT YOU'RE SUPERIOR TO THEM? I MEAN...
I CAN TURN A CREAM EGG INTO A DIAMOND AND THEN EAT IT ANY WAY
I CAN ARM WRESTLE AGAINST THE GRAVITY-PULL OF A BLACK HOLE.
I'M INFINITELY POWERFUL-



OH WELL, MISS.. I SUPPOSE IN MANY WAYS YOU ARE SUPERIOR TO THEM. BUT...
BOK BOK!
THAT WAS THE DOOR

IT'S THE CURIOUSITY DAMPER IT MUST BE KNACKERED- I'LL NIP OUT TO THE GREENHOUSE AND HAVE A WORD WITH OUR DAD
I'LL ANSWER THE DOOR.
IT'S PROBABLY SOMEONE INFERIOR

THE BOJEFFRIES SAGA

GOOD DAY YOUNG LADY I'M INCHMALE OF THE COUNCIL
I WONDER IF I COULD SPEAK TO THE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN I SPOKE TO EARLIER?
I'D FORGOTTEN TO ASK HIM ABOUT..
YOUNG LADY??
I AM NOT A "YOUNG LADY"! I AM A PERSON!
I...
I HAVE THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS TOO, YOU KNOW!
YOU FIND THE IDEA OF A FEMALE WHO CAN CAUSE NUCLEAR EXPLOSIONS BY SQUINTING UP ONE EYE THREATENING TO YOUR MANHOOD, DON'T YOU?
WELL...
I CAN CREATE A UNI-CELLULAR LIFE-FORM USING ONLY THE INGREDIENTS FOUND IN MALT VINEGAR! CAN YOU DO THAT? DO YOU THINK DOING THAT IS EASY?
NOW, LOOK...
GET OUT OF MY SIGHT YOU SMEAR OF SEDIMENT!!
AND DON'T COME BACK UNTIL YOU'RE PROPERLY EVOLVED!
AM!
" MY EYES WERE LIKE STEEL-GREY SUITS. I SMILED "MESS WITH TREVOR INCHMALE AND YOU'RE MESSING WITH THE BOROUGH COUNCIL" I WHISPERED, VOICE DANGEROUSLY CALM "
" WITH A FRIGHTENED LITTLE SOB SHE TURNED AND RAN INDOORS UNABLE TO MEET MY EYES. WHICH WERE LIKE SUITS OF GREY STEEL DAMES. JUST WHEN YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT 'EM FIGURED OUT..."

I'LL BE BACK DONT YOU WORRY ABOUT THAT, SWEETHEART
I'LL BE BACK
END OF CHAPTER ONE FRESH SHEET OF PAPER
SORRU?
TREVOR INCHMALE WAS ONE OF THAT BREED WHO, ONCE THEIR STEEL TRAP MINDS HAVE FASTENED ONTO A SUBJECT, CANNOT LET IT GO
DAYS PASSED
NOT PAID A PENNY RENT IN ALMOST A CENTURY NO NATIONAL INSURANCE NUMBER NO MEDICAL RECORDS NO TAX RECORDS NO BIRTH CERTIFICATES REGISTERED...
"I BATTLED THE SQUATTERS FROM HELL." "INCHMALE INVESTIGATES." "THEY RAPED THE REGULATIONS."
WEEKS PASSED
GOOD DAY INCHMALE OF THE BOROUGH COUNCIL I'VE COME ABOUT THE PEOPLE NEXT DOOR
MISS. POLISH PEOPLE, I THINK, OR IRISHMEN. LOVELY PEOPLE, EXCEPT HER I SAW THEIR BABY ONCE. MY WORD IT WAS BIG. THEY KEEP IT IN THE CELLAR.
THE CELLAR
THEY WEREN'T IN. I KNEW THEY WOULDN'T MIND IF I BORROWED SOME COAL. MY WORD IT WAS B.G. FOR A BABY LIKE...
VERY LARGE INDEED
MOTHER, COME INDOORS. IT'S TIME FOR YOUR REST DON'T YOU DARE UPSET YOURSELF AGAIN.
CHILD CRUELTY ILLEGAL IMMIGRATION ACTING IN A MANNER THAT WOULD BE LIKELY TO OFFEND OR DISTURB THE NEIGHBOURS...
MONTHS PASSED

THE BOJEFFRIES SAGA

NEXT MORNING.
BOK BOK!
HUS?
RIGHT! INCHMALE. COUNCIL. I'M COMING IN. DON'T TRY TO STOP ME...
SO! ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE FAMILY, EH? THERE ARE RULES ON OVERCROWDING, YOU KNOW. FIVE PEOPLE AT LEAST, NOT COUNTING A BABY AND A DOG.
DØCK?
YES. A DOG. DIDN'T THINK I KNEW ABOUT THE DOG, EH?
DØCK? VHERE IS DØCK? YOU SHOW ME DØCK.
I RATHER THINK THAT YOU'LL SHOW ME, SIR. I HAVE A WARRANT.
VORRANT? VOY ARE POLIZ COME ABOUT DØCK?
I NEVER ATE DØCK! VOSS NØT DØCK ANYWAY. VOSS PØØDLE.
ATE A DOG.
LISSEN. I PAY FØR NÜ DØCK, HØKAY? BETTER STILL, I KNØW, I GET THE GRAMPER TO BUILD NÜ DØCK!
HAR! NØW EVERYBØDY BE HØPPY!
WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE ABOUT? I'M TRYING TO GO TO THE BATHROOM. DID RAOUL EAT ANOTHER DOG?

THE BOJEFFRIES SAGA

NØ. ONLY A PØØDLE. FESTUS, YOU ARE SHOUTING AT ME AGAIN. LØØK, I VØS WERRY HUNGRY.
WHO'S THIS INSIGNIFICANT LITTLE UNDERSTAIN?
OH VA, THOT'S WERRY EASY FOR YOU TO SAY! YOU ARE A VEGETARIAN!
RAOUL, TELL FESTUS TO GO OUTSIDE IF HE WANTS TO SHOUT!
OH. IT'S THAT RENTPERSON. I KNEW THAT WOULD HAPPEN. I TOLD OUR DAD THE DUZZY CURIOUSITY DAMPER WAS UP THE SPOUT. BUT WOULD HE HAVE IT?
NØ. ISS PØLIZ. I ATE A DØCK. NOT EVEN DØCK. PØØDLE.
WHAT'S HAPPENING, OUR GINDA? WHY IS FESTUS SHOUTING?
RAOUL ATE A DOG.
PØØDLE. IT VØS A PØØDLE.
STOP BLOODY SHOUTING, FESTUS!! IF YOU WAKE THE BABY HE'LL NEVER GO BACK TO BLOODY SLEEP!!
WHO'S HE? WHY IS HE STARING AT THE COATPEGS?
YOU'RE SO STUPID. ANYONE CAN SEE HE'S SEXUALLY INTIMIDATED BY ME.
IT'S BECAUSE I CAN CALCULATE THE NUMBER OF MOLECULES IN A NEUTRON STAR WITHOUT MOVING MY LIPS.
"ONE OF OUR RENTMEN IS MISSING."

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